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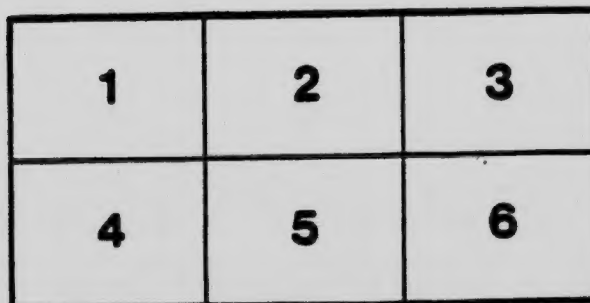
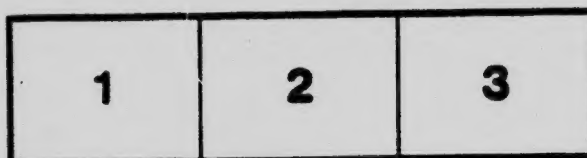
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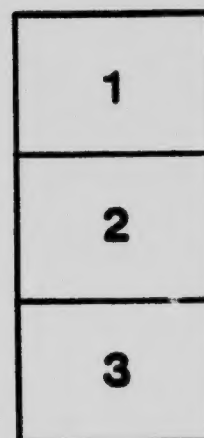
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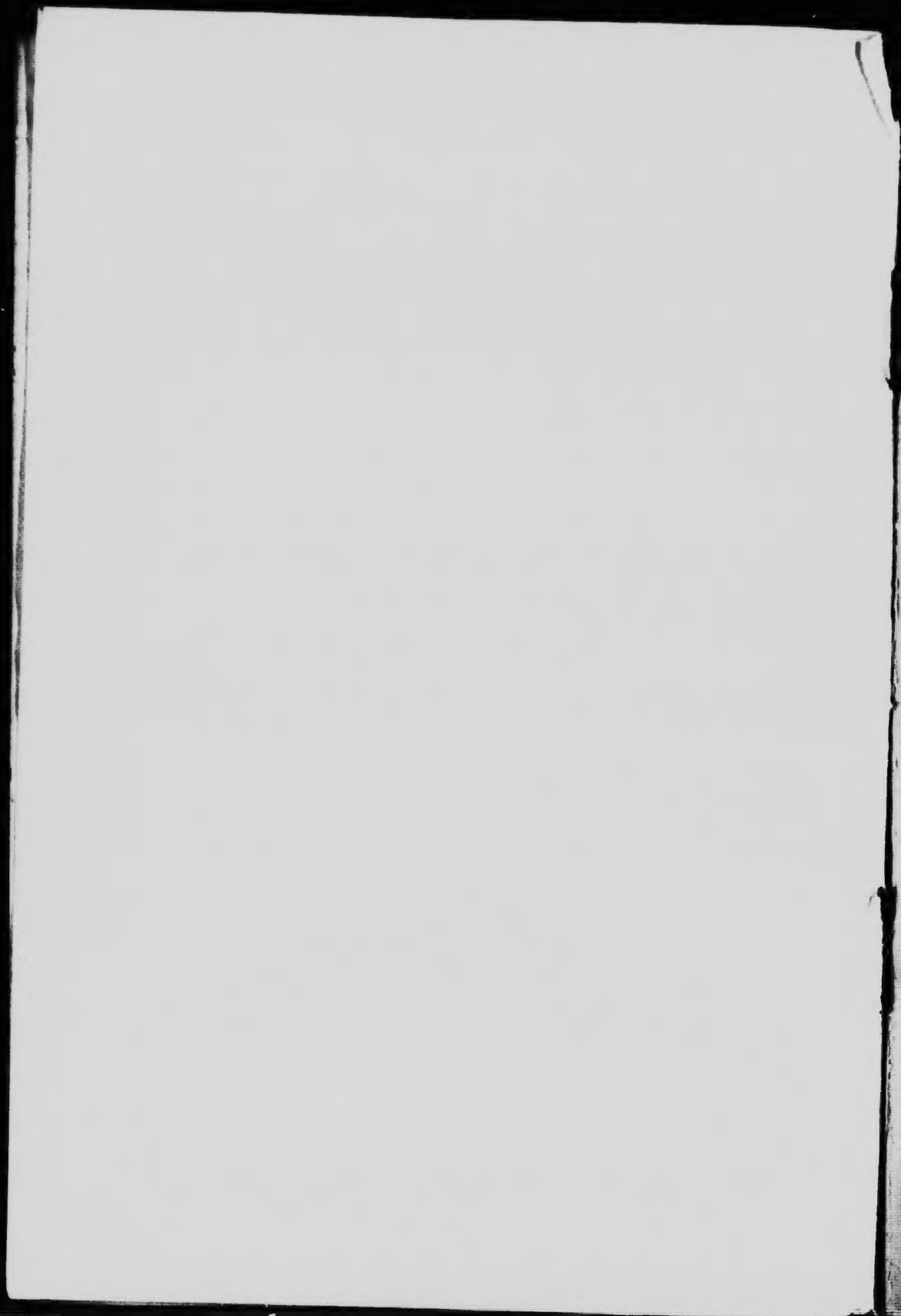
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Number 22

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EDITED WITH NOTES BY
J. F. VAN EVERY B. A.

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INTRODUCTION

THIS "sweetest and happiest of Shakespeare's comedies" was written about the year 1599, and was first printed, as far as we know, in the folio of 1623. The author had just completed his historical plays, Henry IV., Parts I. and II. and Henry V., and his wearied imagination found relief in the delights of refined and romantic comedy. From the energetic campaigns, court intrigues, and rough, boisterous humour of those scenes we are led with the poet into the quiet glades of the Forest of Arden to be entertained by shepherds and shepherdesses, and by the kindly playfulness of Rosalind and Celia.

His source of plot the dramatist found in a novel by Thomas Lodge, published in 1590, under the title of *Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie*. From this he borrowed the personages and most of the incidents of his play. Indeed he even flattered the author by adopting some of his names of persons and some of the language. But he transformed the story, well known to his audience of that day, from a dull, wordy, and commonplace tale into an immortal drama where the characters are infused with wit and charm, and where we are made to feel the subtle influences of Nature's breath in every line. It is not within our scope to refer to the particular changes that Shakespeare made in dramatising the story. For this the student may read the excellent introduction to the "Warwick" edition of the play.

The merit of a narrative depends largely upon the way in which the narrator handles the plot. The interest awakened by the complication and unravelling of incident is often greater than the interest in the

delineation and development of character. In the play of *As you Like it*, however, the plot is most simple. It is a love story in which Orlando is the hero and Rosalind the heroine. At the beginning we find the circumstances of the two lovers most adverse. Rosalind is under a cloud of melancholy, deprived of her father's companionship "out of suits with fortune." Soon she is harshly driven from her uncle's court to be comforted only by her faithful cousin, by the witty Touchstone and by the buoyancy of her own spirits. In like manner Orlando is described as suffering injustice from the hands of a jealous brother and as being forced to exchange at last the transitory sweets of royal favour for the bitterness of prejudice, mistrust and exile. He, too, finds fortune a cruel mistress, but is comforted by the "constant service" of loyal Adam and by the opportunity to express his fervent love for the fair Rosalind. The friendless condition of Orlando has already touched the warm sympathies of Rosalind, and the climax of this love story is the scene where Rosalind meets her lover in the forest, and, by a device which her wit cannot forego, satisfies herself as to the truth and sincerity of his affection. From this point on the future is full of happiness for these two ardent lovers; fortune smiles once more and echoes the thought of the contented father,—

" We will begin these rites
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights."

Such is the simple love story, the main plot of the play. However, it is not so much what the personages do as what they say that wins our interest. The play, therefore, is not one of intricate plot or incident; it is one of dialogue, of kindly, witty retort, of amusing and charming situation. At several parts of the play there is little movement or action; the dramatist marks time, as it were, to revel in the dialogue of

Ganymede and Orlando, to listen to the cheerful words of the banished Duke, the merry songs of Amiens and the Foresters, and even to the morbid fancies of the melancholy Jaques.

The background of this comedy is the forest, not localised in France or in Warwickshire, but nevertheless very real to the reader as he follows the fugitives into their retreat. An open-air feeling pervades the whole play, breathes through the very thoughts and words of the characters and conveys to the mind of the reader the effect of the silent places of Nature. Everything is so natural and frank and true. No one, in the long run, is made to suffer. In the end unnatural dissensions are healed; hatred, mistrust and caprice are reconciled with patience, sympathy and self-command. In harmony with the spirit of the play, the sovereignty of happiness is the background of the forest, where the trees have tongues, where even adversity is sweet, and where the feelings of all are kindled

"Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and Nature."

To keep this background ever before us Shakespeare has made use of several characters and scenes that do not advance the action. These are the characters of the elder Duke and of Jaques, the songs of Amiens and the Foresters, and the minor love plots of Silvius and Phebe, and of Touchstone and Audrey.

All that the banished Duke does in furthering the action is to give away the bride at the marriage ceremony. But the cheerful temperament of the Duke in contact with the delights of forest life, which is free from the ingratitude and hypocrisies of the court, impresses us with the contrast between the natural and the artificial. This contrast is suggested all through the play. Moreover, the character of Jaques

acts as a foil or contrast to heighten the Duke's optimism. As Mr. Moulton says, "The Duke did not seek the artificial life of the forest, though when driven to it by the stubbornness of fortune he can translate it to a quiet and sweet style. Jaques is repelled by his comrades' life as soon as it turns fortunate and voluntarily flies from dancing measures to get pleasure out of a dethroned convertite. So with regard to the dying stag; the Duke's pity is accidental, rising naturally out of surrounding circumstances — that the brute as a native burgher of the forest should be slaughtered in his own confines. Jaques pours out his pathos as an indulgence; to borrow a word from the vocabulary of funeral sermons, he 'improves' the stag's dying agonies (having first found a comfortable position from which he can watch them) with a thousand ingenious similes, and is so left by his companions weeping and commenting. Similar is Jaques' connection with the celebrated simile of the stage: the brilliant working out of this idea must not blind us to the morbid tone of mind of which it is the outcome. The Duke's reflection which gives rise to the speech is cheerful, inviting to resignation because others have to endure. His accidental use of dramatic imagery is seized upon by Jaques as an opportunity for harping on the hollowness of everything human."

The spirit of the forest finds expression in lyrical form in the songs of Amiens and the Foresters. They suggest the abandon of the birds, the cool shade of the trees and the genial warmth of the sun. Through them runs also the contrast between the free life of the forest and the artificialities of the court. To such a theme their style is very suitable; they are not refined in language or in classical adornment. They are old-fashioned songs that have their part in creating the background of simple rustic life.

The course of Rosalind's affection for Orlando is

heightened by being brought in contrast or comparison with the loves of three other characters. The loyal Celia succumbs to the tender glances of the penitent Oliver; the proud and disdainful Phebe, after a struggle, finds Silvius to her liking; the simple Audrey desires with all her heart "to be a woman of the world" by marrying Touchstone.

Celia's chief purpose in the play is to set off Rosalind, who is taller, more beautiful and more witty. The loyal and admiring Celia, however, attracts us by the strength of her affection for her more brilliant cousin. In reply to her father's severe and cruel test of this affection,

"Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more
 virtuous
When she is gone,"

Celia's only answer is,

"Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege,
I cannot live out of her company."

She retains our interest throughout the play. "We listen to her as to one who has made herself worthy of our love, and her silence expresses more than eloquence."

Silvius and Phebe represent true shepherd life, since Ganymede and Aliena are only shepherds in disguise. In this minor plot the dramatist shows his indebtedness to the pastoral tendencies of the literature of his time. These inferior personages serve as a foil to the characters of Rosalind and Orlando. The frank, sincere affection of the play-shepherd Ganymede is contrasted with the pride and scornful coquetry of the real shepherdess, Phebe.

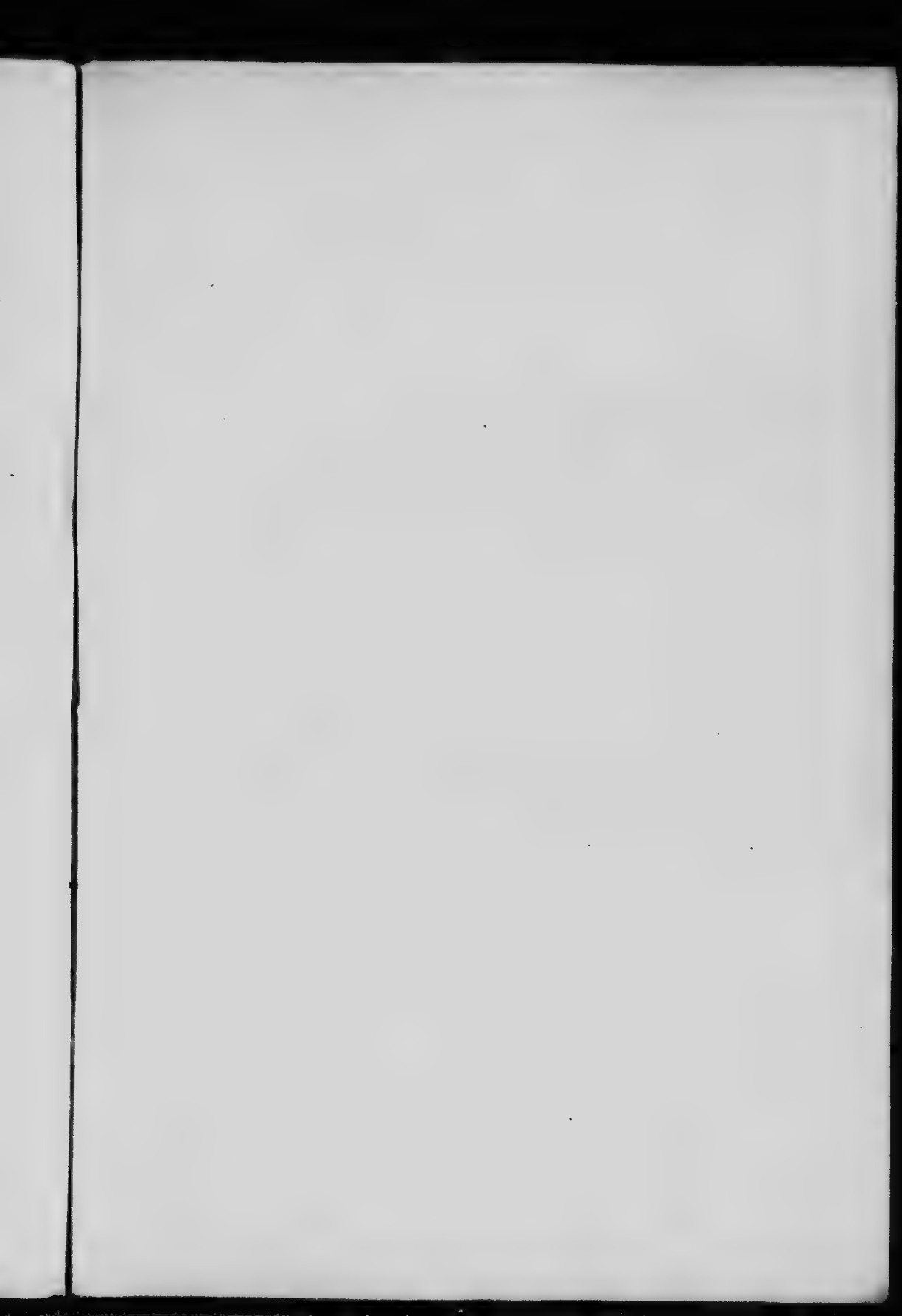
Audrey represents a lower level of country life than Phebe. The court jester, Touchstone, finds in her a convenient helpmate, and easily disposes of his rival,

William. Audrey is a mere rustic belle, fond of display and dazzled by the wit of her wooer. "Rosalind has made wit the vassal of love; Touchstone forces love itself into the service of wit."

We may conclude this brief and necessarily incomplete study of the play by quoting the criticism of Edward Dowden, "Upon the whole *As you Like it* is the sweetest and happiest of all Shakespeare's comedies. No one suffers, no one lives an eager, intense life; there is no tragic interest in it as there is in *The Merchant of Venice*, as there is in *Much Ado About Nothing*. It is mirthful, but the mirth is sprightly, graceful, exquisite. . . . The wit of Touchstone is not mere clownage, nor has it any indirect serious significance; it is a dainty kind of absurdity worthy to hold comparison with the melancholy of Jaques. And Orlando in the beauty and strength of early manhood and Rosalind,

' A gallant curtle-axe upon her thigh,
A boar-spear in her hand,'

and the bright, tender, loyal womanhood within, are figures which quicken and restore our spirits, as music does which is neither noisy nor superficial, and yet which knows little of the deep passion and sorrow of the world."



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, *living in banishment.*

FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions.*

AMIENS, } *lords attending on the banished duke.*

JAQUES, }

LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*

CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*

OLIVER, }

JAQUES, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*

ORDANDO, }

ADAM, } *servants to Oliver.*

DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar.*

CORIN, }

SILVIUS, } *shepherds.*

WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished duke.*

CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*

PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

AS YOU LIKE IT¹

ACT I

SCENE I. *Orchard of OLIVER's house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—bequeathed² me by will but a poor thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing,³ to breed me well : and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques⁴ he keeps at school,⁵ and report speaks goldenly of his profit : for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better ; for, besides that¹⁰ they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage,⁶ and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so¹⁵ plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave

¹ **The Title**—This is suggested by Lodge's preface and its meaning is clear from the epilogue: "I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you."

² It is well to supply "he" as subject of "bequeathed."

³ **On his blessing**—On pain of losing the father's blessing.

⁴ **Jaques**—Pronounced as (jaq-ues) a dissyllable.

⁵ **School**—University.

⁶ **Manage**—Training of a horse.

me his countenance¹ seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines² my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

“ Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?³

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

“ Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir,⁴ I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.⁵

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion⁶ have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

“ Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle

¹ **Countenance**—(1) Deportment; (2) the face. Which here?

² **Mines**—Undermines my gentle birth.

³ **What make you here?**—Why are you here?

⁴ **Marry, sir**—Here may be a play on the word “mar.” The exclamation is a corruption of “by Mary!”

⁵ **Be naught awhile**—Be hanged to you!

⁶ **Prodigal portion**—Portion spent in a prodigal or extravagant manner.

condition of blood¹ you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you⁴⁶ are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.² 50

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain³?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir⁴⁸ Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou⁴ not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself. 60

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allot-⁷⁰ ery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

¹ In the gentle condition of blood—As is becoming to well-born brothers.

² Nearer to his reverence—You have a greater right to the respect due to my father in as much as you are my elder.

³ Villain—Oliver means "scoundrel," but Orlando uses the word in line 55 in its former sense of "base-born."

⁴ Thou—The pronoun here denotes contempt, but when the formal "sir" was used in addressing a person even in contempt "you" took the place of "thou."

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled
75 with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

80 *Orl.* Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness,¹ and yet give no thousand
85 crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and im-
90 portunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at
95 the new court?

Cha. There is no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him,
100 whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

¹ *Rankness*—Overgrowth. Cf. "Who else is rank, who else must be let blood."—*Julius Cæsar*, Act III, Scene 1, line 152. The comparison means that Orlando is becoming too assertive to suit Oliver.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together,¹⁰⁰ that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live? 110

Cha. They say he is already¹ in the forest of Arden,² and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the Robin Hood³ of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.⁴ 115

Oli. Will you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. May I, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition¹²⁰ to come in disguise against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for¹²⁵ my own honour, he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I am hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such damage well as he shall run into, in that it

¹ **Already**—The expression is conveyed that the duke had recently been banished, but see I, III, 64.

² **Arden**—Shakespeare had no direct reference either to the forest of Arden in France or to the wooded "Arden" in Warwickshire. His forest is a creation of his own.

³ **Robin Hood**—This famous English outlaw lived in the reign of Richard I. His praises were sung in many a ballad. See Scott's *Ivanhoe* for an account of his character and mode of life.

⁴ **Golden world**—The golden age when, tradition affirms, the state of man was one of uninterrupted bliss.

¹³⁰ is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Ol. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by ¹³⁵ underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles; it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural ¹⁴⁰ brother¹: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by ¹⁴⁵ some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I ¹⁵⁰ anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, 'll never wrestle for prize more: ¹⁵⁵ and so God keep your worship!

Ol. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and ¹⁶⁰ yet learned, full of noble device,² of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but

¹ Natural brother—Brother by birth, not illegitimate.

² Noble device—High aims.

that I kin¹le¹ the boy thither; which now I'll go about. ¹⁷⁴
[Exit.]

SCENE II.² *Lawn before the DUKE's palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary ¹⁷⁶ pleasure

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught ¹⁷⁸ my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours. ¹⁸⁰

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, ¹⁸² let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but ¹⁸⁴ love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport

¹ **Kindle**—Incite.

² We have already been told the circumstances of Rosalind, and now we learn the way in which she bears them. She does not resist her adverse fortune, as Orlando does his, but her heart is sore with melancholy on account of her father's exile.

neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayest in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

¹⁹⁵ *Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,¹ that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman
²⁰⁰ doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest,² and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.³

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to
²⁰⁵ Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath
²¹⁰ not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural⁴ the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither,
²¹⁵ but Nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

²²⁰ *Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

¹ *Her wheel*—Fortune, the woman, is often represented as having a wheel to mark the ups and downs of life.

² *Honest*—(1) Upright; (2) chaste. Which here?

³ *Ill-favouredly*—Ugly (adjectival force).

⁴ *Natural*—Fool.

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour²³⁶ they were good pancakes and swore by his honour that the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your²³⁹ knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.²⁴⁰

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.²⁴⁰

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation¹ one of these days.²⁴⁵

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes²⁵⁰ Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.²⁵⁵

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

¹ Taxation—Censure.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princesses, you have lost much good sport.

260 *Cel.* Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour,¹ madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

265 *Cel.* Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.²

Le Beau. You amaze³ me, ladies; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

270 *Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

275 *Cel.* Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent
280 growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks,⁴ "Be it known unto all men by these presents."⁵

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment
285 threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is

¹ **Colour**—Celia means "kind," but Le Beau cannot understand its use with "sport."

² **Old smell**—Such a pun would not offend Elizabethan standards of good taste.

³ **Amaze**—Confuse.

⁴ **Bills on their necks**—Rosalind has in mind the preamble of legal bills, and makes a pun on presence and presents.

little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!¹

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Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.²⁰⁵

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music² in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?³⁰⁰

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.³⁰⁵

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.³¹⁰

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept³ hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell

¹ Note how the tender, womanly nature of Rosalind is aroused by the spectacle. Hitherto we have seen only her wit.

² Broken music—Part music played by different instruments.

³ Crept—How does "crept" reveal the duke's nature?

³¹⁵ you; there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

³²⁰ *Duke F.* Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess' call for you.

Orl. I'll attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the
³²⁵ wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for
³³⁰ your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your
³³⁵ own safety and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard
³⁴⁰ thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious¹; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so:
³⁴⁵ I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were
³⁵⁰ with you.

¹ Gracious—Popular.

Cel. And mine, to eke out¹ hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so²⁵⁵ desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat²⁶⁰ him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules² be thy speed, young man. 265

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [Wrestle.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Shout. Charles is thrown. 270

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord. 275

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man²⁸⁰ else:

The world esteemed thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,

¹ To eke out—To add to.

² Hercules—In Greek mythology the god of physical strength.

Hadst thou descended from another house.

²⁸⁵ But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son,— and would not change that calling,
³⁰⁰ To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
³⁰⁵ Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel.

Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious¹ disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
⁴⁰⁰ But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros.

Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me, one out of suits² with Fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel.

Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

⁴⁰⁵ *Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain,³ a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
⁴¹⁰ Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown

¹ *Envious*—Hateful.

² *Out of suits*—Not in the service of Fortune.

³ *Quintain*—A wooden figure carrying a shield and sword used as a dummy in tilting bouts.

More than your enemies.

Cel.

Will you go, coz?¹

Ros. Have with you.² Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition³

That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by man-
ners;

But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;

¹ Will you go, coz?—Celia repeats Rosalind's "Shall we go?"
(line 404).

² Have with you—Come along.

³ Condition—Disposition.

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
“ Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;¹
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:

“ But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
“ upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me
with reasons.”²

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when
the one should be lamed with reasons and the other
mad without any.

“ *Cel.* But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how
full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in
holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths,
“ our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are
in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry “hem” and have him.

“ *Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

¹ Give a modern equivalent.

² There is a play on the word “reasons.” Celia means by
it “talk.”

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such ⁴⁷⁰ a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,¹ I should hate him, ⁴⁷⁵ for my father hated his father dearly²; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?³

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him ⁴⁸⁰ because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress,⁴ dispatch you with your safest haste

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:⁵

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found ⁴⁸⁵
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:

¹ By this kind of chase—By this way of arguing.

² Dearly—Excessively. Cf. "Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven." *Hamlet*, I, ii, 182.

³ Doth he not, etc.—Does he not deserve well to be hated as the son of my father's enemy?

⁴ Mistress—"Used with some unkindness or contempt of or to women, from whom the affections of the speaker have been estranged."—*Schmidt*. See III, v, 45.

⁵ Cousin—A kinswoman.

If with myself I hold intelligence
 400 Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
 If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
 As I do trust I am not — then, dear uncle,
 Never so much as in a thought unborn
 Did I offend your highness.

Duke F.

Thus do all traitors:

410 If their purg¹ lion¹ did consist in words,
 They are as innocent as grace itself:
 Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
 Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

420 *Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter; there's
 enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
 So was I when your highness banish'd him:
 Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
 430 What's that to me? my father was no traitor:²
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
 440 Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
 It was your pleasure and your own remorse³:
 I was too young that time to value her;⁴
 But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
 450 Why so am I; we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,

¹ Purgation—Proof of innocence.

² What's that to me, etc.—Note Rosalind's high spirit that brooks no insult to her father's good name.

³ Remorse—Pity.

⁴ Note how the author gradually allows the usurpation to step back into the past, so that when the scene changes to the Forest, the characters will be represented as having been long accustomed to forest life.

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,¹
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smooth-
ness,

Her very silence and her patience 830

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

And thou wilt show more bright and seem more
virtuous,

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:

Firm and irrevocable is my doom 835

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege.
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide your-
self:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour, 840

And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers: I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin: 845
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl? 850

No: let my father see another near.

Therefore devise with me how I may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,

¹ Mr. Wright claims that there is an error here. The swans should have been given to Venus, whose car was drawn by the coupled swans.

448 To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

449 *Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber¹ smirch my face;
453 The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?²
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
456 A boar-spear in my hand; and — in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will —
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

458 *Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.³
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
460 No longer Celia, but Aliena.⁴

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

¹ *Umbre*—Brown ochre.

² Note that Rosalind is the one who first suggests male attire and the proposal to take Touchstone as a companion. She is the leader of the two, as soon as she has recovered from the shock of the duke's sentence.

³ *Ganymede*—A beautiful lad carried off by Jove to be cup-bearer to the gods.

⁴ *Aliena*—Latin, "stranger."

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
 Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
 And get our jewels and our wealth together,
 Devise the fittest time and safest way
 To hide us from pursuit that will be made
 After my flight. Now go we in content
 To liberty and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.* 578]

ACT II

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords,
 like foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,¹
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,²
 The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
 "This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 That feelingly³ persuade me what I am."
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

¹ **Line 1-18**—This speech shows many examples of alliteration, "painted pomp," "churlish chiding," etc., and of melody of diction, giving evidence of a more elaborate style than that of the unadorned narrative of Act I.

² **But the penalty of Adam**—This is the change in the seasons, the "icy fang" taking the place of the balmy breath of spring.

³ **Feelingly**—By making themselves felt. The duke and his friends find true counsellors even among the severities of the wintry season.

Wears yet a precious jewel¹ in his head;
 15 And this our life exempt from public haunt
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones and good in everything.
 I would not change it.

Ami.

Happy is your grace.

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune

2 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.²

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,

Being native burghers of this desert city,

Should in their own confines with forked heads³

25 Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord.

Indeed, my lord.

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,⁴

And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp

Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself

30 Did steal behind him as he lay along

Under an oak whose antique roots peep out

Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:

To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,

That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,

35 Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,

The wretched animal heaved forth such groans

That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat

Al most to bursting, and the big round tears

Coursed one another down his innocent nose

40 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,

Much marked of⁵ the melancholy Jaques,

¹ **A precious jewel**—A reference to the old belief that the toad-stone is the natural product of the toad.

² **Style**—Referring to the poetic charm of the duke's speech.

³ **Forked heads**—Arrow heads.

⁴ Jaques finds no relief in the forest from the intrigues and petty jealousies of correct life.

⁵ **Marked of**—In middle English the preposition "of" introduced regularly the agent after the passive voice.

Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S.

But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralise this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes. 45

First, for his weeping into the needless¹ stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:" then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd o' his velvet friends, 50
"'Tis right:" quoth he, "thus misery doth part
The flux² of company:" anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; "Aye," quoth Jaques, 55
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we 60
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contempla-
tion?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and comment-
ing

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S.

Show me the place:

I love to cope³ him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.⁴

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ **Needless**—Needing no more water.

² **Flux**—Confluence.

³ **Cope**—Meet.

⁴ **Matter**—Suggestive ideas.

SCENE II. *A room in the palace.**Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.*

70 *Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?
 It cannot be: some villains¹ of my court
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
 75 Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
 They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish² clown, at whom so oft
 Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
 Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
 80 Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
 Your daughter and her cousin much commend
 The parts and graces of the wrestler
 That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
 And she believes, wherever they are gone,
 85 That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant³
 hither;
 If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
 I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,⁴
 And let not search and 'inquisition quail
 90 To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Before OLIVER's house.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle
 master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
 Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?

¹ Villains—Servants.

² Roynish—Scurvy.

³ That gallant—Refers to Orlando.

⁴ Suddenly—At once.

Why are you virtuous? why do people love you? 95
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond¹ to overcome
The bonny² priser of the humorous³ duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men 100
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it! 105

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother — no, no brother; yet the son —
Yet not the son, I will not call him son 110
Of him I was about to call his father —
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off. 115
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place⁴; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. 120

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my
food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can; 125

¹ **Fond**—Foolish.

² **Bonny**—Stalwart, not skeleton-like or bony.

³ **Humorous**—Whimsical, moody.

⁴ **Place**—Residence.

I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood¹ and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
120 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
125 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
130 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly²: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
135 In all your busin'ss and necessit's.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
140 Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having:³ it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
145 In lieu⁴ of all thy pains and husbandry
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent.

¹ *Diverted blood*—Unnatural kinsman.

² *Kindly*—Seasonable, natural.

³ *Do choke . . . having*—Promotion but hampers their willingness to serve.

⁴ *In lieu of*—"In return for," or "in place of"

We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 100
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:¹
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better 105
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA,
and TOUCHSTONE.*

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's 170
apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort
the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show
itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage, good
Aliena!

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no fur- 175
ther.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you
than bear you; yet I should bear no cross² if I did bear
you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden. 180

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I;
when I was at home, I was in a better place; but
travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

¹ **Too late a week**—Too late by a week, i.e., by an indefinite period.

² **Cross**—The old penny had a double cross on one side. See *Matthew X*, 38, for the pun.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

¹⁸⁵ Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

¹⁹⁰ *Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine —
As sure I think did never man love so —

¹⁹⁵ How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

²⁰⁰ That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:

²⁰⁵ Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
²¹⁰ I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet¹ and the cow's dugs that
²¹⁵ her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod² instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with

¹ *Batlet*—A bat for beating clothes in a tub.

² *Peascod*—The pod of the pea was a popular love token in the author's time. "Whom" and "her" refer to the plant.

weeping tears "Wear these for my sake." We that ~~are~~^{are} true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal¹ in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly. 220

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion

Is natch upon my fashion. 225

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!² 230

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor.

Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor.

Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment, 235
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.

Cor.

Fair sir, I pity her.

And wish for her sake more than for mine own, 240
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:

My master is of churlish disposition

And little recks to find the way to heaven 245

By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed

¹ **Mortal**—Excessive.

² **Clown**—Touchstone means a "churl," and Rosalind plays upon the word.

Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing

260 That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice¹ most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but ere-
while,

That little cares for buying any thing.

265 *Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste² my time in it.

270 *Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold:

Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,

I will your very faithful feeder be

And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *The forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG

265 *Ami.* Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note³
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
270 Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

¹ *In my voice*—As far as I have anything to say in welcoming you.

² *Waste*—Pass.

³ *And turn, etc.*—To adapt his note to the song of the bird. The Duke's view of nature (II, i, 15-18) is here expressed by Amiens in a lyrical form.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck²⁷⁵
melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.
More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire
you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you²⁸⁰
'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me
nothing.¹ Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself. ²⁸⁵

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank
you; but that they call compliment is like the encoun-
ter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily
methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me
the beggarly thanks. Come, sing: and you that will²⁹⁰
not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while;
the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been
all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He²⁹⁵
is too disputable for my company: I think of as many
matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no
boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG

Who doth ambition shun [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,²
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,

¹ They owe me nothing—Suggested by Jaques' use of the
word "names" with the sense of "names of debts owed."
(Latin—*Nomina facere*—to enter an account.)

² To live i' the sun—To live a life of careless idleness
—Schmidt.

Come hither, come hither, come hither:

Here shall he see

303

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.¹

Ami. And I'll sing it.

310

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass

That any man turn ass,

Leaving his wealth and ease

A stubborn will to please,

315

Ducdame,² ducdame, ducdame:

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he,

An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that "ducdame?"

320

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.³

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

325

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

¹ *In despite of my invention*—As my poetical faculty would not help me, I made a verse to spite it.

² *Ducdame*—Probably a meaningless word invented by Jaques. White says it means "bring him to me." (Latin—*duc ad me.*)

³ *First-born of Egypt*—Jaques means that if he cannot find solace in sleep he will rail against his betters.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will ³³⁵ either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit¹ is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable²; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: ³⁴⁰ but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said!³ thou lookest cheery, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in ³⁴⁵ this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence: Here was he merry, hearing of a song. 345

Duke S. If he, compact of jars,⁴ grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.⁵ Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is ³⁵⁰ this,

That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

¹ *Conceit*—Thought, fancy. ² *Comfortable*—Cheerful.

³ *Well said*—Well done.

⁴ *Compact of jars*—Full of discord.

⁵ Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, V, 1, 60.

- Jaq.* A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
 A motley ¹ fool; a miserable world!
- ³³⁴ *As I do live by food, I met a fool;*
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
 In good set terms and yet a motley fool.
 "Good-morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
³⁴⁰ "Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune: ²"
 And then he drew a dial from his poke,
 And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
 Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
³⁴³ 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
 And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
 And thereby hangs a tale. ³" When I did hear
³⁷⁰ The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
 And I did laugh sans ⁴ intermission
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
³⁷⁵ A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear. ⁵
Duke S. What fool is this?
Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the gift to know it: and in his brain
³⁸⁰ Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

¹ **Motley**—Referring to the many-coloured dress of a court jester.

² A reference to the proverb "*Fortuna favet fatuis*," Fortune favours fools.

³ **Thereby hangs a tale**—"An expression implying vast reserves like Mr. Kipling's 'But that's another story.'"
 —*The Warwick Edition*.

⁴ **Sans**—Without. Used as an English word by the writers of the period, having been borrowed from the French.

⁵ **The only wear**—The only dress worth wearing.

After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms. O that I were a fool
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit¹;

Provided that you weed your better judgment
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter² as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
 And they that are most galled with my folly,
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
 The "why" is plain as way to parish church:³
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob⁴: if not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomised
 Even by the squandering glances⁵ of the fool.
 Invest me in my motley; give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter,⁶ would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting⁷ itself;
 And all the embossed sores and headed evils,

¹ *Suit*—Note the double meaning of the word.

² *Charter*—Cf. *Henry V*, I, i, 48. "The air, a chartered libertine."

³ *As way to parish church*—"When the spire is in full view."
 —*Moberly*.

⁴ *Bob*—Rap or hit.

⁵ *Squandering glances*—Random sallies.

⁶ *Counter*—A metal disc used in counting.

⁷ *Brutish sting*—Animal passion.

That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
 410 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,¹
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
 415 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say the city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she such is her neighbour?

420 Or what is he of basest function?²
 That says his bravery is not on my cost,³
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?
 There then; how then?⁴ what then? Let me see
 wherein

425 My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
 Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
 Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

430 *Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come off?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,

¹ "Jaques appears, either wilfully or through shallowness, to miss the deep wisdom of the Duke's saying and the whole character of his admonition. The Duke has not said that Jaques would offend people but that he would corrupt them."—*Moberly*.

² *Basest function*—Of the basest position or office.

³ *His bravery, etc.*—I did not pay for his fine clothing.

⁴ *How then*—"Let us understand one another thoroughly."—*Moberly*.

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touched my vein at first: the thorny point⁴³⁵
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred¹
And know some nurture.² But forbear I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered. 440

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I
must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table. 445

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible, 450
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast, 455
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days, 460
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church
And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness

¹ **Inland bred**—Bred in civilised parts. The contrary idea is upland, not coast.

² **Nurture**—Culture.

485 And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
490 Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils,¹ age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

495 *Orl.* I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort
[Exit.]

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
490 And all the men and women merely² players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
495 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
490 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,³
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
495 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,

¹ **Weak evils**—Causing weakness. The adjective referring to the effect is transferred to the cause.

² **Merely**—Simply. ³ **Pard**—Leopard.

Full of wise saws and modern instances;¹
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,²
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide 500
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion, 505
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. 510

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind 515
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly: 520
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

¹ *Modern instances*—Commonplace examples.

² *Pantaloons*—A stock character in old Italian plays, always lean and old.

535 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
540 Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies¹ witness
Most truly limn'd² and living in your face,
545 Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
550 And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument³
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it;
5 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
10 Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth

¹ *Effigies*—With the stress on the second syllable.

² *Limn'd*—Delineated, painted. ³ *Argument*—Object.

Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of ¹⁵
doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent¹ upon his house and lands;
Do this expediently and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned² queen of night, ²⁰
survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere
above,

Thy huntress' name that my full life doth
sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll char-
acter;

That every eye which in this forest looks ²⁵
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive³ she.
[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master
Touchstone? ³⁰

¹ **Extent**—A writ to recover debt due to the Crown under which the body, lands and goods of the debtor might be seized.

² **Thrice-crowned**—The same goddess was worshipped under three forms,—Luna in the heavens, Diana on earth, and Proserpina in the under world.

³ **Unexpressive**—Inexpressible.

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile
35 life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

40 *Cor.* No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause
45 of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

50 *Cor.* No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

55 *Cor.* For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners¹; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a par-
60 lous² state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court,

¹ **Manners**—A double meaning here—(1) morals, (2) deportment.

² **Parlous**—Perilous.

but you kiss your hands! that courtesy would be un-⁶⁵
cleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their
fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat?⁷⁰
and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the
sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance,
I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow⁷⁵
again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred¹ over with the surgery
of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The
courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in⁸⁰
respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the
wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar,
the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance,
shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.⁸⁵

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee,
shallow man! God make incision in thee!¹ thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get
that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness,
glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and⁹⁰
the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and
my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring
the ewes and the rams together. If thou beest not
damned for this, the devil himself will have no shep-⁹⁵
herds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new
mistress' brother.

¹ **God make incision in thee**—A reference to the practice of
bleeding as a remedy for various ills. It means that Corin is
so raw (inexperienced) that Heaven is entreated to give him
a better understanding.

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.

100 *Ros.* From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
105 Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.¹

110 *Ros.* Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

115 If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,²
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
120 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you
125 infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

¹ *Butter-women's rank, etc.*—The slow pace of market-women as they walk in a row. Touchstone refers to the humdrum measures of Orlando's verse.

² *Cat will after kind*—A proverb.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar¹: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and¹³⁰ that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

135

Cel. [*Reads.*]

Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings² show:

Some, how brief the life of man

140

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows

"Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

145

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

150

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charged

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide-enlarged³:

Nature presently distill'd

155

Helen's⁴ cheek, but not her heart,

¹ *Medlar*—A fruit not considered fit to eat until it was over ripe or rotten. Note the play on "medlar" and "meddler."

² *Civil sayings*—"Maxims of social life."—*Johnson*.

³ *Wide-enlarged*—Spread abroad through the world.

⁴ *Helen*—Wife of Menelaus of Greece and the fairest of women.

Cleopatra's ¹ majesty,
 Atalanta's ² better part,
 Sad Lucretia's ³ modesty.
 280 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devised,
 Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest prized.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 305 And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpitér! what tedious homily of
 love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and
 never cried "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a
 370 little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable
 retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with
 scrip ⁴ and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

375 *Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for
 some of them had in them more feet than the verses
 would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear
 380 themselves without the verse and therefore stood
 lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy
 name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder
 385 before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-
 tree. I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' ⁵

¹ *Cleopatra*—Queen of Egypt in the days of Anthony.

² *Atalanta*—The fleetest woman of ancient times. Her "bet-
 ter" part is her physical proportions and grace of movement.

³ *Lucretia*—The Roman matron dishonoured by Tarquin.

⁴ *Scrip*—A shepherd's wallet.

⁵ *Pythagoras*—An ancient Greek philosopher who taught
 that "souls of animals infuse themselves into the trunks of
 men."

time, that¹ I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man? 190

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter. 195

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is. 200

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping²!

Ros. Good my complexion!³ dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose²⁰⁵ in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South sea of discovery;⁴ I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle,²¹⁰ either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making⁵? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard? 215

¹ **That**—When Irish witches were said to have the power of rhyming rats to death.

² **Hooping**—Exclamation of wonder

³ **Good my complexion**—She entreats her complexion not to betray her by a blush.

⁴ Rosalind is so curious that every minute of delay she overwhelms Celia with many questions to solve, i.e., to discover.

⁵ **Is he of God's making?**—What alternative question is suggested?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Whv, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

¹⁷⁵ *Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, say brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

¹⁸⁵ *Ros.* Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him?

What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?
¹⁹⁰ What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's¹ mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size.
¹⁹⁵ To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

²⁰⁰ *Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree,² when it drops
²⁰⁵ forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

¹ *Gargantua*—The giant in the French story by Rabelais.

² *Jove's tree*—The oak was sacred to Jupiter.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry "holla" to thy tongue. I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.¹

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out² of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmith's wives, and conned³ out of rings?

in word "hart."

but — — — — — rupt me.

learned by rote.

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,¹ from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and
285 we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

290 *Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and
295 you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

300 *Orl.* I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [Exit Jaques.]

Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

305 *Orl.* Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else
310 sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces

¹ **Right painted cloth**—Your questions are suggested by my answers. The poet refers to the tapestry hangings, which were ornamented with pictures and scriptural mottoes.

with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles²¹⁵ withal,¹ who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnised: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because²²⁵ he cannot study and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain, the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury; these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?²³⁰

Ros. With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not²³⁵ how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?²⁴⁰

Ros. As the cony² that you see dwell where she is kindled.³

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him

¹ *Withal*—An emphatic form of "with." See *Abbot*, sec. 196.

² *Cony*—Rabbit.

³ *Kindled*—Born.

read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am
350 not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences
as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils
that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like
355 one another as halfpence are, every one fault seeming
monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those
that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that
360 abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on
their barks: hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies
on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosa-
lind: if I could meet that fancy-monger,¹ I would give
him some good counsel, for he seems to have the
365 quotidian² of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell
me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you:
he taught me how to know a man in love; in which
370 cage of rushes I am sure you are not a prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue³ eye
and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable⁴
spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which
375 you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply
your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:
then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet un-
banded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and
every thing about you demonstrating a careless desola-
380 tion; but you are no such man; you are rather point-

¹ **Fancy-monger**—Dealer in love.

² **Quotidian**—Daily fever.

³ **Blue**—With blue circles.

⁴ **Unquestionable**—Not given to talking.

device¹ in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that³⁰⁵ you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired? 310

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how³⁰⁵ much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are⁴⁰⁰ in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a⁴⁰⁵ moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour:⁴¹⁰ would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a⁴¹⁵ nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him: and

¹ Point device—Very precise.

in this way will I take upon me to wash your liver¹ as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

⁴²⁰ *Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

⁴²⁵ *Ros.* Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister,
⁴³⁰ will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey²: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?
⁴³⁵

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.³

Jaq. [Aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than
⁴⁴⁰ Jove in a thatched house!⁴

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child

¹ *Liver*—Supposed to be the seat of the passions.

² *Audrey*—Audrey and her goats mark a degree more of rusticity than that of the shepherds Corin and Silvius.

³ *Goths*—Pronounced "gotes," See the derivation of "capricious." Ovid was banished by Augustus to Ionia on the lower Danube among the kindred of the Goths.

⁴ *Jove in a thatched house*—See the story of Philemon and Baucis in the Classical Dictionary.

Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.¹ Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical. 445

Aud. I do not know what "poetical" is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign. 450

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign. 455

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!² 460

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.³ 465

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us. 470

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no 475

¹ A great reckoning, etc.—A large bill in a small tavern.

² A material fool—A fool full of good ideas.

³ Foul—Audrey means not fair.

temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "many a man know⁸⁰ no end of his goods": right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns?¹ Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.² Is the single man¹⁶⁵ therefore blessed? No; as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here¹⁹⁰ comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

¹⁹⁵ *Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't; ³⁰⁰ how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild³ you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in .and here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox has his bow, sir, the horse his curb ⁰⁵ and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be

¹ *Horns*—The horn was the crest of a husband whose wife had been unfaithful to him. See IV, i, 55.

² *Rascal*—A lean deer.

³ *God 'ild*—May God reward you.

married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join⁵¹⁰ wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry n.e well; and not being well married, it⁵¹⁵ will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

Farewell, good Master Oliver; not,—

O sweet Oliver,¹

520

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

525

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.*]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me: I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to con-⁵³⁰sider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

535

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

¹ O sweet Oliver—The fragment of an old ballad of 1584.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.¹

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever
 540 the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch
 of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast² lips of Diana:
 a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously;
 545 the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this
 morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

550 *Cel.* Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-
 stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as
 concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

555 *Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. "Was" is not "is:" besides the oath of a lover
 is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are
 both the confirmer of false reckonings.³ He attends
 here in the forest on the duke your father.

560 *Ros.* I met the duke yesterday and had much ques-
 tion with him: he asked me of what parentage I was;
 I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me
 go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such
 a man as Orlando?

565 *Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses,
 speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks
 them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his
 lover; as a puisny⁴ tilter, that spurs his horse but on

¹ Note how quick Rosalind is to defend Orlando as soon
 as Celia assents to the reproaches that the impatient Rosalind
 has heaped upon him.

² Cast—Chaste.

³ Confirmer of false reckonings—A tavern-keeper who
 cheats in his accounts.

⁴ Puisny—Puny, unskilled.

one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's
brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who⁵⁷⁰
comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and Master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress. 575

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it. 580

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;⁵⁸⁵
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon; will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops? 590

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, 595

That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
 600 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
 Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
 Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
 605 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
 The cicatrice and capable impressure¹
 Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
 610 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

Sil.

O dear Phebe,

If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 615 That love's keen arrows make.

Phe.

But till that time

Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
 As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your
 mother,

620 That you insult, exult, and all at once,
 Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
 As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed —
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 625 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary

¹ *Capable impressure*—An impression that is noticed
 without exciting any particular desire for light to see it
 by,

Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's¹ my little life,
 I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle² eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer³ man
 Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
 That makes the world full of ill-favoured children:
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.
 But mistress, 'know yourself: down on your knees,
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
 Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.⁴
 So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
 I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and
 she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as
 she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her
 with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falser than vows made in wine:
 Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
 'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.

¹ 'Od's—Gods, a harmless oath.

² Bugle—A black bead of glass.

³ Properer—More handsome.

⁴ Foul is most foul, etc.—Ugliness in a scornful one is most ugly.

Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.

⁶⁶⁰ Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see
None could be so abused in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin*]

Phe. Dead shepherd,¹ now I find thy saw of might.
⁶⁶¹ "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

⁶⁷⁰ If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?²

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

⁶⁷⁵ Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too.

⁶⁸⁰ But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
⁶⁸⁵ To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-
while?

¹ Dead shepherd—Christopher Marlowe, in whose poem of *Hero and Leander* (1598) occurs the "saw of might." (Saw, saying; shepherd, poet.)

² What kind of love does Phebe offer Silvius?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;¹
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip,

A little ripier and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.²

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him; but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not; and yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him:

For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black:

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:

I marvel why I answer'd not again:

But that's all one: omittance is no quittance,³

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe.

I'll write it straight;

¹ Note Phebe's description in which admiration and resentment are mingled.

² **Mingled damask**—Red and white.

³ **Omittance, etc.**—A debt is not cancelled by being forgotten or neglected.

⁷²⁰ The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing¹ short.
Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAKUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

⁸ *Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure² worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

¹⁰ *Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy,³ which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic,⁴ nor the lady's, which is nice,⁵ nor the lover's, which is
¹¹ all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples,⁶ extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

²⁰ *Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands

¹ *Passing*—Surpassingly.

² *Modern censure*—Ordinary judgment.

³ "The melancholy of Jaques is not grave and earnest, but sentimental, a self-indulgent humour."—*Dowden.*

⁴ *Politic*—In sympathy with the client.

⁵ *Nice*—Fastidious.

⁶ *Simples*—Ingredients of a drug.

to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to⁸⁸ have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too: 90

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an¹ you talk in blank verse. *[Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable² all the benefits of your⁸⁹ own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.³ Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me¹⁰⁰ such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a¹⁰⁵ part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped⁴ him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my¹¹⁰ sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure,⁵ I think,

¹ An—If.

² Disable—Disparage.

³ Swam in a gondola—You have not been to Venice. Italy was the goal of many young Englishmen in Shakespeare's time.

⁴ Clapped—Laid hands on him in sign of arrest.

⁵ Jointure—Estate, in lieu of dower.

than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

⁸⁵ *Ros.* Why horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker: and my Rosalind is virtuous.

⁹⁰ *Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer¹ than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What
⁹⁵ would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled² for lack of matter, you might take
⁷⁰ occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there
⁷⁵ begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.³

⁸⁰ *Orl.* What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

¹ Leer—Countenance.

² Gravelled—Stuck in the sand.—*Rolfe*.

³ I should think, etc.—If I were not able to outwit you my chastity would be greater than my wit.

Ros. Well in her person I say I will not have you. 85

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet,¹ in a love-cause. Troilus² had his brains dashed out⁹⁰ with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander,³ he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him⁹⁵ in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was "Hero of Sestos." But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 100

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it. 105

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou? 110

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, ¹¹⁵ sister?

¹ *Videlicet*—Namely.

² *Troilus*—In love with the Greek maiden Cressida, was killed by Achilles.

³ *Leander*—In love with Hero, a priestess of Venus at Sestos, swam across the Hellespont to visit her, and was drowned.

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, "Will you, Orlando—"

¹²⁰ *Cel.* Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

¹²⁵ *Ros.* Then you must say "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl ¹³⁰ goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

¹³⁵ *Orl.* For ever and a day.

Ros. Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be ¹⁴⁰ more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against¹ rain, more new-fangled² than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana³ in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed ¹⁴⁵ to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

¹ **Against**—In anticipation of.

² **New-fangled**—Changeable.

³ **Diana**—A figure of a goddess erected as an ornament to a fountain.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the¹⁶⁰ wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might¹⁶² say "Wit, whither wilt?"¹

Ros. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,² let her never nurse her child herself, for¹⁶⁶ she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two¹⁶⁸ o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death!¹⁷⁰ Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one¹⁷² minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological³ break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise. ¹⁸⁰

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

¹ Wit, whither wilt?—A proverbial expression used to stop any one talking too fast.

² Her husband's occasion—Caused by her husband.

³ Pathetical—Passionate.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando*]

¹⁸⁵ *Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou ¹⁹⁰ didst know how many fathoms deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

¹⁹⁵ *Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus¹ that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot ²⁰⁰ be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

²⁰⁵ *Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

²¹⁰ *Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

¹ *Wicked bastard of Venus*—Cupid, born of moody reflection, of sudden impulse and of madness.

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home;

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*¹

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou was born:

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*²⁰⁰

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled
brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone
forth — to sleep. Look, who comes here. 225

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it, 230
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer;² bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phoenix.³ 'Od's my will! 235

¹ *Burden*—Refrain, chorus.

² *Play the swaggerer*—Act the bully. She means that one must be a very patient lover to endure the rebuffs and scorn of Phebe's letter. As she is reading the letter she pretends to Silvius that it is, as he suggested, one of scorn and refusal.

³ *Phoenix*—This bird was born only once in five hundred years. (*Seneca, Epist* 42.)

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
 Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
 340 This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
 Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool
 And turn'd into the extremity of love.
 I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
 345 A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
 She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
 I say she never did invent this letter;
 This is a man's invention and his hand.

350 *Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
 A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
 Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
 Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
 355 Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect
 Than in their countenance.¹ Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
 Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.
 [Reads]

360 Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
 That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
 Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [Reads]

365 Why, thy godhead laid apart,
 Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
 That could do no vengeance to me.
 Meaning me a beast.

¹ Countenance—Appearance.

If the scorn of your bright eyne 270
 Have power to raise such love in mine,
 Alack, in me what strange effect
 Would they work in mild aspect!
 Whiles you chid me, I did love;
 How then might your prayers move! 275
 He that brings this love to thee
 Little knows this love in me:
 And by him seal up¹ thy mind;
 Whether that thy youth and kind²
 Will the faithful offer take 280
 Of me and all that I can make;
 Or else by him my love deny.
 And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding? 285

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.
 Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee
 an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to
 be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love
 hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her; 290
 that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she
 will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for
 her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for
 here comes more company. [Exit Silvius.]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know, 295
 Where in the purlieus³ of this forest stands
 A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
 bottom:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream

¹ Seal up—Seal up and express your feelings in a letter.

² Youth and kind—Youthful nature.

³ Purlieus—Borders of a forest.

²⁹⁹ Left¹ on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
³⁰¹ Such garments and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows² himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

³¹⁰ *Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

³¹⁵ *Oli.* Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
³²⁰ Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
³²⁵ And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
³³⁰ The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

¹ Left—Being left.

² Bestows—Conducts.

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead;
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
 For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?¹

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,²
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

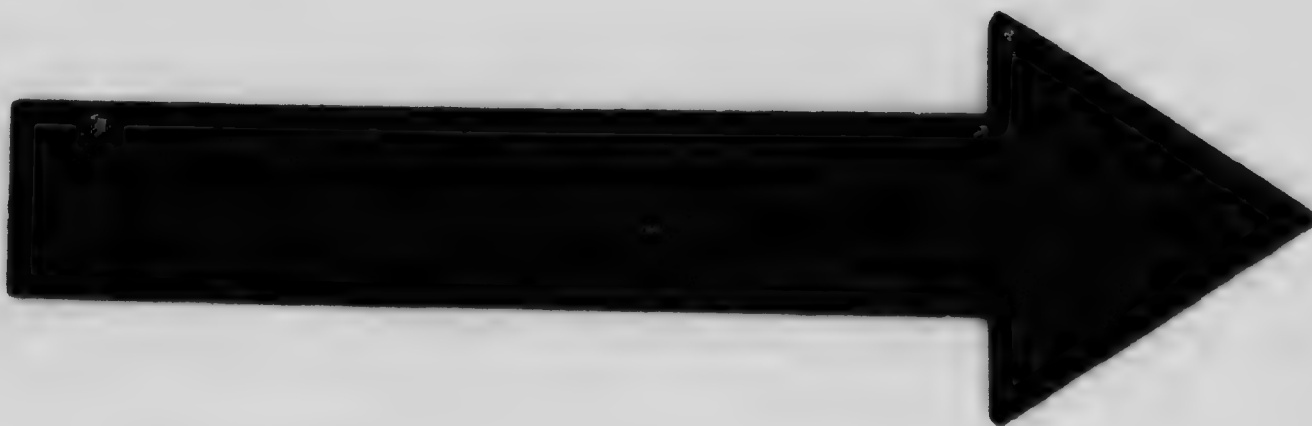
Oli. By and by.³

When from the first to last betwixt us two
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
 As how I came into that desert place:—
 In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love;

¹ Note how interested Rosalind is in the noble deed of Orlando, more so than in Oliver's unnatural conduct.

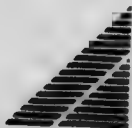
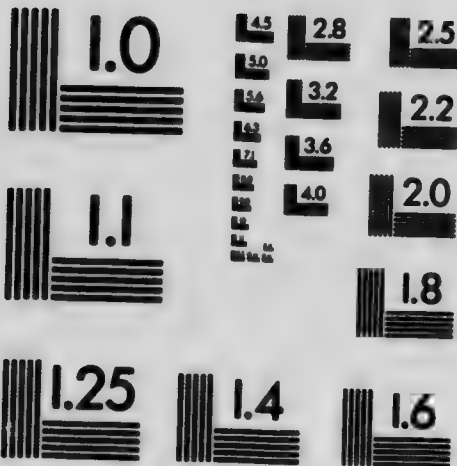
² His just occasion—The chance of revenge.

³ By and by—Soon.



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³⁶⁵ Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.

³⁷⁰ Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
³⁷⁵ Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*]

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

³⁸⁰ *Oli.* Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel.

We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack
a man's heart.

³⁸⁵ *Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would
think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell
your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This is not counterfeit: there is too great testi-
mony in your complexion that it was a passion of
³⁹⁰ earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take good heart and counterfeit to
be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a
³⁹⁵ woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw
homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you,⁴⁰⁰
commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience,
gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the
old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most
vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in
the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in
me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by¹⁰
my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer
for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.¹

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even,² William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head,
cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old
are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Was born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. "Thank God"; a good answer. Art rich?

¹ We shall be flouting, etc.—We must jeer at people, we cannot resist it.

² God grant you good even.

25 *Will.* Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

30 *Touch.* Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "the fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby
35 that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

40 *Touch.* Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that it is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

45 *Will.* Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is
50 woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy¹ with thee in faction; I
55 will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[Exit.]

¹ Bandy, etc.—"Fight against thee with conspiracies."

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come⁶⁰
away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I
attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you
should like her? that but seeing you should love her?⁶⁵
and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and
will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the
poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden
wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me,⁷⁰
I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent¹
with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be
to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue
that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and
here live and die a shepherd. 75

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be
to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's
contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for
look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.²

Oli. And you, fair sister.³

[*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see
thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

¹ Note that Oliver now asks Orlando's consent to his marriage. The relations of the two brothers are now reversed.

² Brother—As Celia's lover.

³ Sister—In reference to Ganymede's pretence of being Rosalind.

⁸⁵ *Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

⁹⁰ *Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are¹: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical² brag of "I came, saw, and overcame;" for your brother and my sister no
⁹⁵ sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent³: they are in
¹⁰⁰ the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial But, O, how bitter a thing it
¹⁰⁵ is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn
¹¹⁰ for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good
¹¹⁵ conceit⁴: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may

¹ **I know where you are**—I know what you mean, referring to the sudden affection of Oliver for Aliena.

² **Thrasonical**—Boastful.

³ **Incontinent**—At once.

⁴ **Conceit**—Intelligence.

in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have,¹²⁰ since I was three year old, conversed with¹ a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is¹²⁵ driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though¹³⁰ I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,¹³⁵ To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you: You are there followed by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service; And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

¹ **Conversed with**—Been in the company of.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion and all made of wishes
All adoration, duty, and observance,¹
144 All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance²;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

150 *Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

155 *Ros.* Why do you speak too, "Why blame you me
to love you?"

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling³
of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help
170 you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could.
To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will
marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married
to-morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satis-
fied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*]
175 I will content you, if what pleases you contents you,
and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As
you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe,
meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you
well: I have left you commands.

180 *Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ **Observance**—Respect.

² **Observance**—Probably for "obedience."

³ **Howling**—Rosalind refers to the discordant clamour of
the lovers.

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope¹²⁵ it is no dishonest¹ desire to desire to be a woman of the world.² Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and¹³⁰
a song.

Second Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly,³ without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Second Page. I' faith, I' faith; and both in a tune,¹³⁵ like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,¹⁴⁰
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc.¹⁴⁵

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

¹ Dishonest—Unchaste.

² A woman of the world—A married woman.

³ Clap into 't roundly—Begin at once.

310 How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, etc.

315 *Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was
no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very
untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we
lost not our time.

320 *Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost
to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God
mend your voices. Come, Audrey. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

*Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAKES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, and CELIA.*

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

325 *Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.¹

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

330 *Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with
her.

Ros. And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

¹ "They fear they have nothing but hope, no knowledge
on which to base that hope; their only knowledge is that
they are afraid."—*Sprague.*

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.³⁴⁰
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutored in the rudiments

Of many desperate¹ studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,

Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward,² and these
couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of
very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the
motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in
the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to

¹ Desperate—Dangerous.

² Toward—Approaching.

²⁶⁵ my purgation.¹ I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

²⁷⁰ *Touch.* Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

²⁷⁵ *Touch.* God 'ild you, sir²; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood³ breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour
²⁸⁰ of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt,⁴ sir, and such
²⁸⁵ dulcet diseases.⁵

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did
²⁹⁰ dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he would send me word, he cut it . . . please himself: this is called

¹ Purgation—Proof.

² Note Touchstone's use of the deferential "sir" in addressing the Duke.

³ Blood—Passion.

⁴ Fool's bolt—The fool's arrow. "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

⁵ Dulcet diseases—He means that his foolish shafts of wit are in harmony with his other "amiable weaknesses."

the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well cut," he²⁰⁰ disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again "it was not well cut," he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he would say I lied: this is called the Countercheck¹ Quarrelsome: and so to the²⁰⁰ Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how often did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and²⁰⁰ so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the²¹⁰ degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you²¹⁰ may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands²²⁰ and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse² and²²⁵ under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

¹ Countercheck—Rebuke.

² Stalking-horse—"A horse under cover of which sportsmen approached their game."

Enter HYMEN,¹ ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

280 Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

285 *Ros.* [*To duke*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[*To Or.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

290 Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
300 'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,

310 If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part;
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:

325 You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;

¹ *Hymen*—The god of marriage.

That reason¹ wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG

Wedding is great Juno's² crown: 280
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High³ wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town! 285

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.⁴

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.⁵

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two: 270
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd⁶ a mighty power; which were on foot, 275
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came:
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted 280
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

¹ Reason—Conversation.

² Juno—The wife of Jupiter and the queen of heaven, worshipped as the protectress of the sanctity of marriage.

³ High—Solemn.

⁴ Even daughter, etc.—His niece is no less welcome than his daughter.

⁵ Combine—Thy constancy hath bound my love to thee.

⁶ Address'd—Prepared.

And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
385 I do engage¹ my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding,
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
390 That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd² days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
395 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music. And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
400 The duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites³
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
405 [*To duke*] You to your former honour I bequeath:
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To Orl.*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:
[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great allies:
[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
410 [*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving
voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay. •

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
415 I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

¹ Engage—Pledge.

² Shrewd—Bitter.

³ Convertites—Converts.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

EPILOGUE¹

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue;
but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the
prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,² 420
'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to
good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays
prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What
a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue
nor cannot insinuate³ with you in the behalf of a good 425
play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to
beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you;
and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O wom-
en, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of
this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for 430
the love you bear to women — as I perceive by your
simpering, none of you hates them — that between you
and the women the play may please. If I were a
woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that
pleased me, complexions that liked me⁴ and breaths 435
that I defied not⁵; and, I am sure, as many as have good
beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind
offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

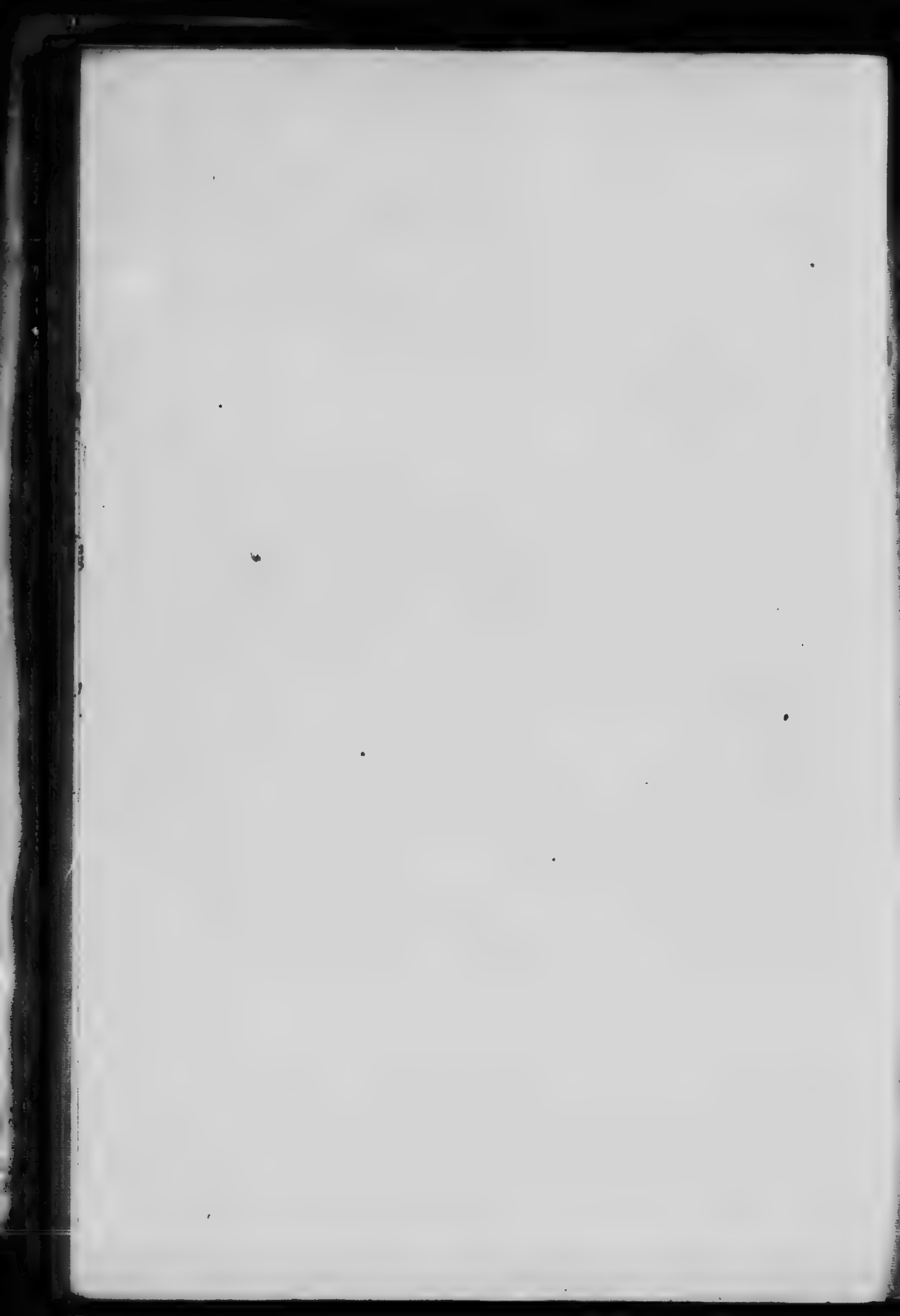
¹ **Epilogue**—This was spoken by the boy who acted the part of Rosalind. An epilogue is found in the *Tempest* and in *All's Well That Ends Well*.

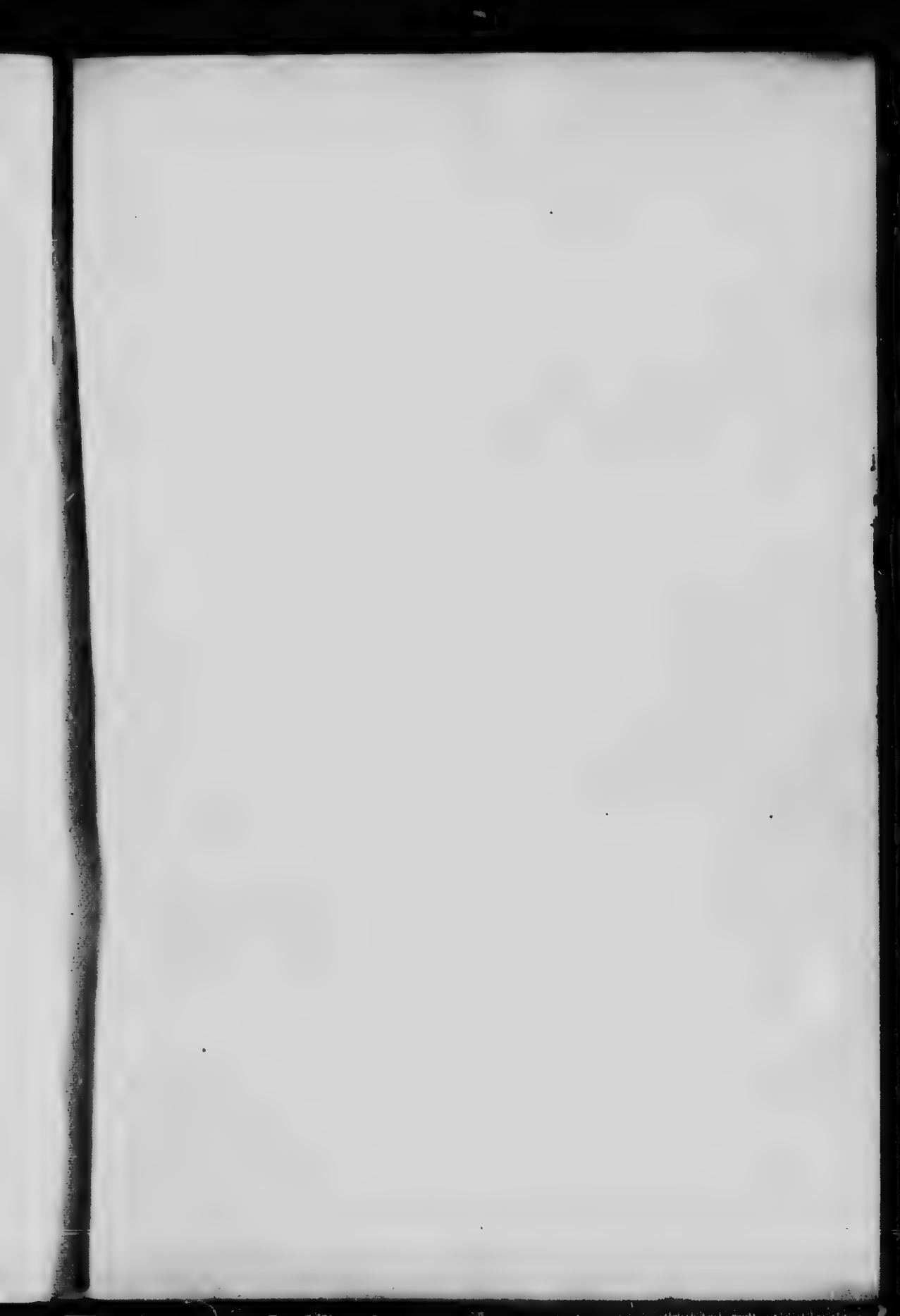
² **Bush**—An ivy bush was often the sign of a tavern, as ivy was sacred to Bacchus, the god of wine

³ **Insinuate**—Ingratiate.

⁴ **Liked me**—Pleased me.

⁵ **Defied not**—Were not repulsive to me.





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